

DO YOU RIDE ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL ELECTRIC CARS? READ THIS TESTIMONY OF MOTORMAN OF WRECKED TRAIN.

More than 50,000 people daily use the New York Central's suburban service.

Read every line of the following testimony given under oath by Edward R. Rodgers, motorman in charge of the train that was wrecked on the Harlem Division of the New York Central last Saturday night at a cost of twenty-two lives, at the inquest before Coroner Schwann.

"When did you first have any experience with one of the new electric motors?" asked Assistant District Attorney Smyth.

"Last Tuesday."
"What were your instructions regarding speed at curves?"
"I never had any."
"Were you ever instructed as to the power of the new motors?"
"No; nothing was ever said to me about that part of them."
"How quickly could you stop your train in an emergency?"
"That I do not know."
"Did you ever receive any instructions or practice on that point?"
"No; that was left for me to find out."

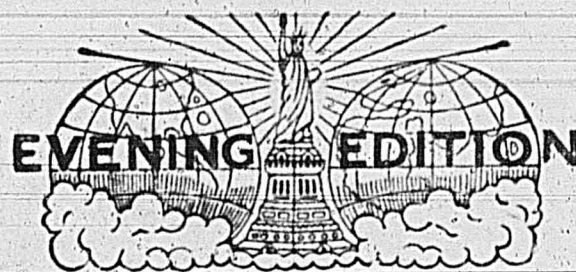
"You put on the brakes and then resorted to the emergency brake also when you found that something was wrong with the train?"
"Yes; I did my best to stop the train in the shortest possible distance, but it ran a little over an eighth of a mile before it could be stopped."
"Did not that long run, despite the regular and emergency brakes, indicate that you were going at tremendous speed?"
"I do not think so."

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POWDER IN WINE FOR MRS. BINGE, SAYS HER NURSE

Startling Testimony Given at Inquest To-Day by Elizabeth Divine, Who Says Her Suspicions Were Aroused Against Mrs. Lottie Wallau.

ONE NURSE WAS ILL AFTER DRINKING THE CHAMPAGNE

Witness Declares She Told the Family Physician and Mrs. Wallau About the Matter and Refused to Stay in the House.

To a breathless audience that hung upon her every word Elizabeth Divine, a pale trained nurse with cold blue eyes, to-day told in a manner that gained dramatic effect by its simplicity the reason why she believes Mrs. Lottie Wallau poisoned her mother, Mrs. Ida Binge. The occasion was the inquest into the cause of Mrs. Binge's death and the place was Coroner Peter Acritelli's court-room in the Criminal Courts Building.

Miss Divine was a soft, well-modulated voice. As she gave her accusing testimony she looked directly into the eyes of the accused woman. Not once did Mrs. Wallau flinch. Once she moved her chair closer to the witness stand that she might better catch the story.

From the testimony of Miss Divine, Assistant District Attorney Corrigan established that one of the nurses became very ill after drinking champagne intended for Mrs. Binge, that an analysis of the wine, made while Miss Divine was a nurse in the Wallau home, showed that it contained mercury, and that Mrs. Wallau opened the wine herself. One bottle contained a powdery substance dissolving in the bottom. On cross-examination Miss Divine said that Mrs. Binge and Mrs. Wallau were unusually fond of each other. Mrs. Binge, during the last few weeks of her illness, once begged the nurse to give her something that would put her out of her misery. Up to a short time before her death Mrs. Binge was able to get out of bed and go to the bathroom, where there was a bottle of bichloride of mercury tablets.

Over Bridge Binge. Mrs. Wallau was called from her cell in the Tombs by County Detective Reardon shortly before 10.30 o'clock. She was told that if she did not care to walk across the Bridge of Signs she would be taken to the court-house through the streets. Fearful of being photographed on the street, Mrs. Wallau elected to walk across the sinister passageway over Franklin street, directly in the wake of Harry Thaw on his way to his trial for murder. Clad entirely in black, with a heavy veil concealing her features, Mrs. Wallau entered the court-room from the dim shadows of the court-house basement with a firm step. She passed momentarily as she caught sight of the crowd, and then proceeded to a seat alongside Mr. Lauterbach, who spoke encouragingly to her.

Mr. Wallau hastened from his seat, lifted his wife's veil and kissed her. He was followed by his son. Mrs. Wallau placed her hands on the young man's face and murmured "My darling boy" as he bent to kiss her. This was too much for his composure. He broke down and did not recover himself entirely throughout the hearing.

Louis Moulin, the restaurant proprietor was chosen foreman of the jury. Dr. Klick on the Stand.

Dr. Samuel Gluck was the first witness called. He was simply asked concerning his services as physician to Mrs. Binge. He said he never prescribed any medicine containing mer-

13 TORTURED IN TUNNEL AIR LOCK FOR NINE HOURS

Imprisoned Far Underground Under Great Atmospheric Pressure.

CHAMBER DOOR FIGHT.

Perishing Captives Have to Endure Fearful Agony While Reserves Approach.

Thirteen men were taken out on stretchers at 9 o'clock to-day from a big seventy-foot caisson sunk in the excavation for the new terminal of the McAdoo Tunnel at Cortlandt and Church streets, after they had been imprisoned in a tiny circular chamber for almost nine hours. The thirteen had performed their allotted turn of three and a half hours when they discovered that they were locked in fast under three pressures of atmosphere. When the first worker was pulled out it was seen that he and all his companions were in danger of death from the fumes, and it is more than likely that many of them will die. The crew of underground workers in charge of Foreman Mulligan, of the O'Rourke Construction Company were lowered into the mammoth caisson at 8.30 o'clock last night. They had to go down to a seventy-foot level as the caisson had not yet reached bedrock, where a foundation could be laid. Tube Just Large Enough for a Man.

One by one they were let down through an iron pipe about large enough to admit the passage of a single broad-shouldered man. This pipe led into the little air-lock at the bottom of the caisson, where the men had to be treated gradually to an air pressure of twenty-five pounds before entering the chamber where they were to drill and dig for the customary three and a half hour shift.

At midnight Foreman Mulligan looked at his watch and saw that it was time to send up his men and allow the later shift to come down. He had no idea at this moment that some pressure from above or shift in the position of the caisson had jammed the only meagre entrance of their prison. Mulligan tried the door, but it was fast beyond boding, buckled into the circular steel walls of the caisson. He tried it with a heavy hammer and chisel, but his efforts were futile. Then he decided to wait for the relief shift, believing that the door to the airlock could readily be opened from the opposite side. The men went on working, oblivious of their peril until the pounding of a hammer came to their ears.

Work of Saving Has to Be Slow.

The hammering and pounding continued, but the little steel-rimmed and heavily riveted door did not yield an inch. Because of the construction of the airlock and the upper aperture of the caisson only one man could work from the outside at a time. Before he could do anything he had to "be breathed." It was impossible for more than the power of one workman's arm to be used at a time, and the process was excruciatingly slow. Foreman Mulligan attacked the door from the inside with a pick and a heavy drill, but he might as well have employed a toothpick. He sought to call out instructions to the lone man in the air-lock, but his voice died in his throat. In the narrow chamber of sixteen feet diameter he gathered his workers together and formed them in a ring to drive their drills against the door. They toiled like madmen for several hours until their strength failed and they began to sink to the ground under the weight of exhaustion and three pressures of atmosphere. Of course, there was air in plenty, but of a pressure that grew on them as with the weight of a mountain.

Victims Begin to Bleed.

This upper lock is in a compartment that is used as an emergency hospital and a staff of surgeons was on hand to care for the men as soon as they came up in the bucket. Once they got out of the twenty-five-pound pressure in the buckets they began to bleed at the nose, mouth and ears, suffering tortures throughout the body. Several of the workers were so badly affected that blood spouted through the pores of their skin as they were laid on stretchers and carried into the hospital.

EVELYN NESBIT THAW BALKS JEROME IN HIS EFFORT TO DISCREDIT HER STORY

Evelyn Nesbit Thaw in Court To-Day Assailed by Jerome



KELSEY IS UNFIT, REMOVE HIM, SAYS HUGHES TO SENATE

(Special to The Evening World.)

ALBANY, Feb. 20.—Gov. Hughes to-day asked the Senate to remove Otto Kelsey, Superintendent of Insurance, from office. The Governor made the request in a special message, in which he reviewed Kelsey's official record and pointed out his utter failure to carry out the reforms recommended in the report of the Armstrong committee. "Kelsey," the Governor said in his message, "evidently had no adequate conception of his duties. There is no satisfactory evidence that he endeavored to put the department on a proper basis."

"He has been compelled with regret to reach the conclusion that Mr. Kelsey is not the man to have charge of this department. His past neglect and the want of force and initiative already displayed make it unsafe to accept assurances for the future. The excuses that he now makes serve only to place in a more prominent light his misconception of his obligations and of what the people of the State have a right to expect."

It is my duty that the administration of this department should be worth the State.

HYDROPHOBIA IS DREAD PERIL OF THREE VICTIMS

Woman and Two Men Are Ordered to Take Pasteur Treatment.

Mrs. Anna Aub, Moses Levy and William Yane, all of Castleton avenue, West Brighton, S. I., were to-day ordered by the Board of Health to come to Manhattan to take treatment at the Pasteur Institute as the result of a mad dog's dash through the town. The three victims were in Cayman avenue last evening when they were attacked by a vicious dog which was running at the mouth and showing various signs of rabies. The dog sprang at Mrs. Aub, who attempted to seat him off, and had both hands severely bitten. The dog attacked Levy and Yane about the legs and hands, biting both several times. All three victims, on escaping from the dog, hurried to their homes and dressed their wounds there, not suspecting that the dog was mad. The bullies then rushed down Bodine street to Richmond terrace, where he dashed in the open door of Edward Weis's grocery store. He made a rush for Edward Weis's stable hand, who brought a pitchfork down on the dog's head, beating him until he was dead. Herick notified Dr. Nichols, the representative of the Board of Health, who killed him and Dr. Nichols, after a surgical examination, in which he pronounced the case rabies, sent the body to the Board of Health. An autopsy proved that the dog was mad and on being informed yesterday Dr. Nichols ordered the victims to take



WEATHER—Snow to-night; Thursday fair, colder.

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For Two Hours He Worked in Vain to Disclose a Flaw in the Remarkable Evidence She Has Furnished.

MOTHER SUPPLIES THE INFORMATION AGAINST HER

Discovery Is Made in Court While the District Attorney Is Referring to His Memoranda—Witness Says: "I Can't Remember" Quite Frequently.

After two hours of persistent pounding District Attorney Jerome halted abruptly the cross-examination of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw in her husband's murder trial to-day and asked for time. He had made absolutely no headway against the girl wife, made no dangerous inroads in her story, tore no gaps in her defense.

Just before the recess was taken an amazing discovery came to light. It developed through Jerome's bungling that he was basing his cross-examination upon a secret statement furnished to him by Evelyn Thaw's own mother. The shock of the discovery of her own parent's hostility almost stunned the girl, but she did not shrink or falter.

Thanks to Mrs. Holman's duplicity, Jerome was able to bring into the case the personality of a Mr. James B. Garland, now dead, who, it seems, had been attendant to the girl model in 1901, just before she met Stanford White. Nevertheless, Evelyn Thaw's answers did her no harm. She came through that ordeal unscathed. Nor was she shaken in any material point in her earlier testimony.

It was stated after the recess had been announced that Jerome would possibly finish the cross-examination during the afternoon, and that Thaw's lawyers would probably call the prisoner's own mother to the stand before night.

There was a great rush of curious persons anxious to see Mrs. Thaw under the ordeal of cross-examination, but only those provided with special credentials from the court or city authorities were permitted to enter the room where the trial of Harry K. Thaw is in progress. Even under these restrictions every available seat was occupied as court convened. Justice Fitzgerald permits no one to stand.

THAW GREETED BY HIS COUNSEL.

District Attorney Jerome was early in the court-room preparing for his task. Mr. Delmas was a few minutes late. He came up behind Thaw, who sat in his accustomed chair, and patted him affectionately on the back. Thaw smiled up at him and for a moment they whispered together, each with his arm about the other's shoulders.

Mrs. Thaw was dressed precisely as she has been on every day since the trial began, even to the little black bow tie. Her face was slightly flushed as she took her place in the witness chair, with her usual little smile at her husband. Mr. Delmas moved his chair inside the rail and seated himself beside the witness box. When Mrs. Thaw saw him she smiled faintly and then turned her eyes to the District Attorney, who sat before her.

QUESTIONED ABOUT HER POSING.

District Attorney Jerome began again in his cross-examination attack on Mrs. Thaw by offering for identification the famous "fired butterfly" picture of Evelyn that was taken on the bearskin rug in the studio in the Tenderloin. She explained that the picture was taken after her return from Europe. Thaw had not accompanied her to the studio, but he gave her the kimono in which she posed. She couldn't remember whether Thaw was present.

The prosecutor had the witness identify a photograph of her taken in 1901 when she was in the "Florodora" company. She wore a red cape and red dress. Stanford White gave her the red cape, she said, and her mother made the red dress at the time the child actress-model suit who was lured by the architect to one of his dens, where she spent a night unconscious. That Jerome does not intend to spare Evelyn Nesbit Thaw's feelings was disclosed to-day by his close questioning as to the exact manner of her posing. He did not mince his words.

Mr. Delmas was rubbing elbows with Mr. Jerome as he fired his questions. Mr. Delmas bobbed up busily like a swarthy little marionette with a return volley of objections. The witness testified that after she had begun to wear as art